

# Temple of the Dead

## Candlemass

A hymn for the praise of the setting sun  
In ancient Egypt my home  
Child of Horus catch the morning star  
To the Elysian fields we will go

The god at the top of the staircase  
The usurper that weighs our hearts  
In your court I deliver my soul  
To be coming forth by day

North, south, east and west  
My bones lay all around  
My shadow will soon get rest  
To higher ground I'll be bound

In the temple of the dead

I am the moongod  
who dwelleth among the dead  
I shall not perish in heaven or earth  
I've cleft the horizon,  
I've passed through the underworld  
I have divided the heavens  
and scattered the gloom of night

To sail the northern heaven  
With the sacred eye of stars  
The white crown I bear forever  
The immortality of my soul